Vol. V. Numb. 33.

THE OBSERVATOR.

Of the Surrender of Oſtend. *The* French *Forces, Towns and Garriſons all Bewitch'd. The* Nonjurors *and* Tacking-Clergy *all Bewitch'd. Of the Defeat of* Vendoſme.

From **Saturday** July the 6th, to **Wednesday** July the 10th, 1706

Obſ. WELL, Honeſt *Country-man*, now for thy News; thou look'ſt Merrily, as if it pleas'd thee.

Country-m. It pleaſes me and all good Chriſtian *Engliſhmen*. Maſter, I have a whole Budget full of *Victories*.

Obſ. What more *Victories?* New Ones, *Roger?*

Country-m. Yes, Maſter, all Spike and Span New. Let me ſee, Maſter, I'll lay 'em out before you in Mode and Form. *Firſt* and *foremoſt* I preſent you with the Surrender of *Oſtend*, that's the Place you wanted to have Taken, and ſo I hope you are pleas'd for One, eſpecially ſince it was Taken in leſs time than you thought for.

As ſoon as my Lord *Overkirk* began to fling his *Bombs* on one ſide, and the *Engliſh* Fleet did the like on the other ſide of the Town, the *French* and *Spaniards* began to Squeak like ſo many *Rats* and *Weſſels* between two Fires. Ah, Maſter, 'tis a ſad thing to be Roaſted at that rate; and while a Body is turning upon the *Spit* to be Baſted with huge ugly *Bombs* and ſtinking *Carcaſſes*; 'tis enough to Fright any Body. I'll warrant it the poor *Frenchmen* Drip'd more *T*—— than *Tallow*; the heat of the Fire ſhrivel'd their poor thin hunger-ſtarv'd Carcaſſes.

But there is one thing I obſerv'd upon the Papers that ſeems very Chomical, I cou dn't forbear Laughing at it: Maſter *Mothe*, the *French* Governor in the Town, when it was Surrender'd, excuſed the Bravery of his Men, which he ſaid *Was quite loſt in Defending a Ravelin*; but he did not attribute it to a *Natural Cauſe*, but to *Witchery* and *Devildom*, and ſaid *All his Men were Bewitch'd*. Aye, thought I, and ſo was thy Maſter *Bewitch'd* too, when he ſent a *Mothe* to take Care of the Cloathing of ſuch a Town as *Oſtend*. The Notion of *Witchery* is a poor excuſe for *Cowardice*, and being over-match'd in Bravery and Skill in *Martial Affairs*.

But, Maſter, I foreſee this Notion of *Witchery* will ſpread a great way; *Anjou* he's coming Home *Bewitch'd* and *Bedevil'd*. *Bavaria* and *Collogn*, the two Brothers of *Treachery*, they are *Bewitch'd* and *Hagg-Riden* out of their Country. Prince *Eugene* he has *Bewitch'd* poor *Vendoſme*, as I'll tell you By and By. But the Duke of *Marlborough* he has *Bewitch'd* all *Flanders*, as the Earl of *Peterborough* has done all *Spain*. Bleſs me, Maſter, was there ever ſuch *Witchery*, ſuch a parcel of Martial *Necromancers* ever known at one time in the World? One would think that all the *Engliſh* Forces had been rais'd in *Lancaſhire*, and were the Legitimate Iſſe of *Teague O Devilly*, begotten on Mother *Demdyke*.

Maſter, we ſhall have this Notion come Home to *England* before *Chriſtmas-Day* next. Mayn't it be a good excuſe for the *Nonjuring-Parſons* to ſay *They were* Bewitch'd *when they refus'd the Oaths to the* Government, *and loſt their* Livings; *in expectation of being made* Biſhops *by the* French *King's and* Perkin's *Power?* Mayn't the *Tacking-Clergy*, who made themſelves *Traders*, and procured *Votes* for Members of *Parliament*, that would have Ruin'd the *Queen* and *Government*, ſay *They were* Bewitch'd *too?* Mayn't thoſe *Seditious* People, the *Memorialiſts*, down on their Knees and Begg Pardon of the *Queen* and my Lord *Treaſurer*, and ſay *They were* Bewitch'd *too?* But, Maſter, wa'nt *Perkins*, *Friend*, and the other Bloody *Conſpirators* againſt the Life of that excellent Prince, King *William*, perfectly *Bewitch'd* to be Hang'd for ſuch a *Cauſe* and ſuch a *Party*, and 'ent? But, hold, Maſter, I muſt not Talk of all the Folk that are *Bewitch'd* in *England*, for that's the way to be *Bedevil'd*, my ſelf.

But, Maſter, it rejoyces my Heart to ſee this *Witchery*, as Monſieur *Mothe* calls it, go on o'the other ſide of the Water. *Dendermond* is *Bewitch'd* already; and a *Spell* is lay'd upon *Newport*, that will be actually *Bewitch'd* in twelve or fourteen Days time; nay, I heard ſome of our *Coffee-Houſe* Wizzards ſay, *That before the Campaign is ended* Dunkirk *will be horribly* Bewitch'd. Ha! thought I, will it ſo? Then the Prophecy that I remember I read, concerning the *French* King, may come to paſs.

Lorrain *you Stole*, *by* Fraud *you got* Burgundy,
Dunkirk *you Bought*, *and you ſhall Pay for't one*
Day.

Obſ. He has Pay'd for't long ago.

Country-m. Aye, Maſter, to a *Corrupt Miniſter* that had no Power to *Sell* it and Receive the Money; and, I think the *Engliſh* Nation were *Bewitch'd* at that time, that they did not *Hovel-Poſt* that Miniſter. But now, Maſter, is our time to make the *French* King pay for Buying *Stollen-Goods*; and I foreſee we ſhall do it with a Vengance.

There's another great piece of *Witchery* coming on the Stage too: The Earl of *Rivers* is going to *Bewitch* a Power of People ſomewhere or other; and the *French* King, tho' he is an Old *Wizzard*, and has his Familiar, Goody *Maintenon*, always about him, he can't tell whether they are going: But they are going to *Bewitch* ſome of his People, that's for certain; becauſe they carry with 'em *Mortars*, *Bombs*, Great and Small *Guns*, and other Inſtruments of *War*, the *Spells* with which the Duke of *Marlborough* has *Bewitch'd* ſo many Towns and People in *Flanders*. And what is moſt inconſolable to the *French* King is, that 12000 of thoſe very *Wizzards* that *Bewitch'd* all *Flanders* are Ship'd off at *Oſtend*, and wait only for a Wind to joyn in this Expedition.

Well, for my part I would give a Pot of *Octobe*r

to see how the *French* King himself is *Bewitch'd* at this News. What are become of all his Little *Imps* that us'd to Creep into the Cabinet of *Princes*, even thro' the Little *Key-Holes?* That when we had an Expedition forwarded, as at this present, could tell him it was to be at *Camaret?* That when we had sent a Spy to *France* he was so effectually told of it, that when the Vessel Arrived, his Officers could come to Her side and ask for *Lame Puckle?* Master, I fancy the *French* King is *Bewitch'd*, because his *Devils* have lost their Power, and his *Devils* have lost their Power, because our *Devils*, with whom they held a Correspondance are Exorcis'd, and render'd Incapable of doing us any more Mischeif. *Tar-box* for that.

Obs. Indeed, Honest *Country-man*, the little Shifts that are made use of by the *French* King, his Ministers and Generals, to excuse their *Bankruptcy* of Power, are so very Weak, that none but the *Vassals* of *France*, who must have their Eyes put out for Seeing, can help Laughing at them. 'Tis but t'other Day the *French* Kings Minister at *Madrid* told the Grandees of *Spain*, Assembled for that purpose, *That his Master would rather call Home his Grandson, the Duke de* Anjou, *than that such* Sacriledges *should be Committed in a* Catholick *Kingdom by Wicked* Hereticks. This is the specious Pretence for calling Home his *Spanish PERKIN*; but who can believe the sincerity of the *French* King in this Point, who has, himself, been the most *Sacrilegious Monster* that ever *Europe* Bred? That has spared neither *Religious-Houses*, nor their *Inhabitants*, or the *Lands* Given and Settled to *Pious Uses*, when it has been his Interest to Seize them; and had he not been Diverted by a War in Eighty Eight, he had Wag'd War upon his *Holy-Father*, the *Pope*, at that time.

Monsieur *Mothe*'s Whim of *Witchery* is Comical enough. A good Excuse for being *Beaten*. This strange Reflux of *French Valour* cannot proceed from any *Natural Cause*; no, by no means. The *French Courage* can never be decay'd in its Nature, 'tis some *Evil Planet* Governs, and the *French Troops* are certainly *Bewitch'd*.

I might here assert that 'tis Natural for Men, so much beaten as the *French* has been of late every where, and in all Engagements, to be *Cow'd* and *Dispirited*, that 'tis also *Politick* for Men when they find the Dice of *War* run against 'em to leave off *Playing at Soldiers*. But to attribute the want of *French Courage* to *Witchcraft*, is in so many Words telling the World, *That the Devil Reigns in the Year* 1706. and that his Ancient *Alliance* with the *French* King is come to a Period.

Honest *Roger*, all this is the Work of the *Almighty*, he gives *Courage* and he *Dispirits* Men; *God* is against that *Wicked Tyrant*, that *Grizly Oppressor* of *Mankind*, that *Bloody Butcher* of *Protestants*, and can he then Prosper? Who can withstand the fixt Resolves of the *Eternal Being?* Or can *Humane Force* over-come the *Almighty Arm?* No, *Roger*, 'tis *Providence*, and not *Witchcraft* has *Dispirited* the *French Forces*; and the same *Providence* may, and will do the same by us, if we don't own that High Hand by whose *Influence* we *Conquer*, and make suitable Returns for such *Auxiliaries* of *Divine Power*.

Country-m. Now, Master, out of my Budget I pull a Notable *Victory*, obtained by Prince *Eugene* over the Duke *D' Vandosme*. The *French Forces* in *Italy* are also *Bewitch'd*; this *Magick Spell* flies a great way: I fancy some or other of our Side has got *Pandora*'s Box, and opens it at every turn when he pleases, and let his Poisons fly to taint the *Frenchmen* with *Cowardice*. Master, in short we han't yet got the Particulars of the *Fight* in *Italy*, but of this we are certain, that there has been a *Fight*, and that the *French Army* is Routed *Horse* and *Foot*, and that *Vandosme* is Mortally Wounded, so that he'll hardly be in a Condition to Act against the Duke of *Marlborough*.

And now what will become of the *Something* of *Orleans* that was to have *Vandosme*'s Post? I fancy *Vandosme* was a *Malicious Fellow*, and being Incens'd at the *French* King, for putting *Orleans* over his Head, he carried his *Bewitch'd Army* to Prince *Eugene* to have 'em Kill'd, and so that *Orleans*, when he came, might have no *Army* to Command. Those *Frenchmen* are *Spiteful*, let 'em be *Bewitch'd* or not *Bewitch'd*.

Obs. That Prince *Eugene*, the most Neglected of any *General*, has done the greatest Exploits in *War* that ever any Age could produce, always out-Number'd, out of time Recruited, *Troops* Ill Paid, and yet always *Victorious*. *Unrewarded*, and yet *Faithful* to his *Trust*; and what is yet more *Glorious*, as Poor now, after being *General* so many Campaigns, as at first when he held the *Truncheon* of *Honour*. *Covetousness* is the worst *Vice* a *General* can have, a *Covetous* Man can never be so true to his *Trust* as he that despises *Money*, and seeks nothing but the Good of his *Country* in the Service of it; a *Covetous Captain* is a Rent to a *Kingdom*, you must purchase his *Fidelity* at so high a Rate as the *Enemy* may'nt out-bid you for his *Treachery*. But Brave Prince *Eugene* has not sought himself, but the Interest of his Master, and the *Common Good* of *Europe*, and has made such a Stand in *Italy* as future Ages will wonder at.

Country-m. Master, they say the *Emperor* will give him part of the Duke of *Bavaria*'s Country, and so Reward *Fidelity*, and true *Merit* with the Forfeitures arising by *Treachery*.

Obs. If he had all *Bavaria* I should rejoyce exceedingly. But, *Roger*, when the Account of this *Victory* comes confirm'd it will prove a Glorious Stroke on Behalf of the *Confederates*. The Duke of *Savoy* will by this means joyn the *Imperial Forces*, the Seige of *Turin* will be raised, and the Country of *Savoy* will be cleared from the Vermin that now Infect it; and so, *Roger*, let us go to Bed with a good Health to Prince *Eugene*.

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